

NO 12
JAN.

OUT OF *the* NIGHT

10¢

THE MUSIC OF
THE DEAD CALLS!
WE RISE AT YOUR
COMMAND!

THE EERIE, PIPING WAIL OF A
STRANGE, OLD FLUTE--AND ANCIENT
GRAVES YAWNED WIDE BENEATH
THE PALLID MOON! THRILL TO A
TRULY BREATHTAKING STORY...
"MUSIC *for* THE DEAD!"





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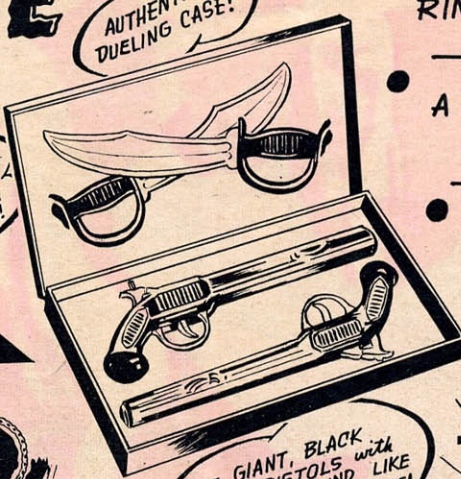
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USE COUPON ABOVE

MUSIC FOR THE DEAD



ONE EVENING, IN THE EXCAVATED REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT PERSIAN TEMPLE...

GREAT GUNS, GIBBONS--WE ARE IN LUCK! THIS **FLUTE!** IT LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE THE SACRED INSTRUMENT OF THE ANCIENT **HAYDI SPIRIT!**

IMPOSSIBLE, BLAKE! THE **HAYDI FLUTE** IS NOTHING BUT A LEGEND!

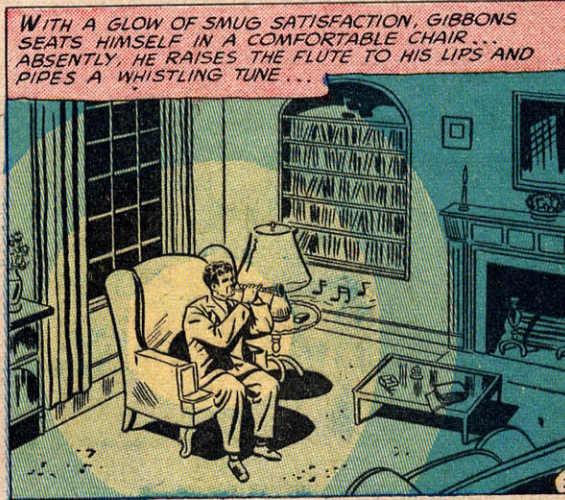
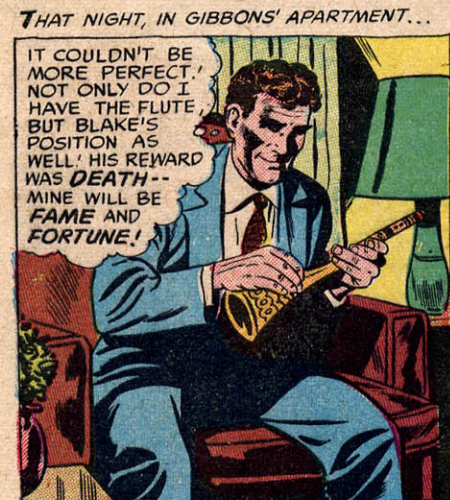
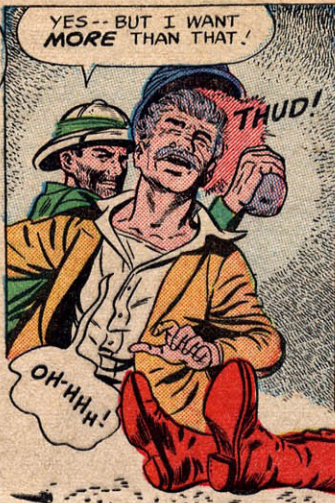


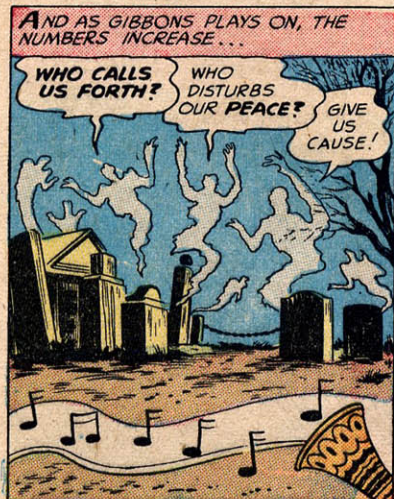
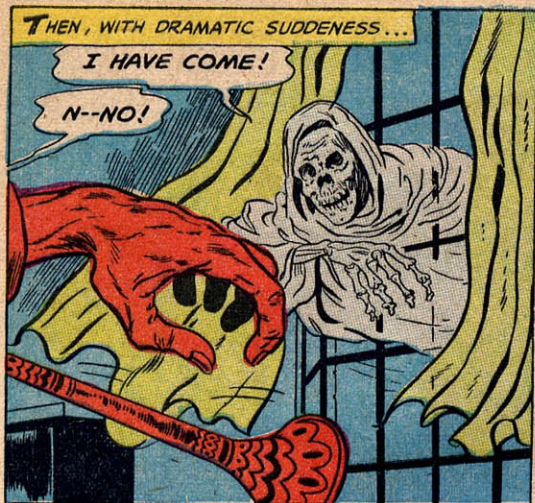
THEN TAKE A LOOK AT THESE INSCRIPTIONS! I TELL YOU, GIBBONS, THIS IS THE **REAL THING!** HAYDI WAS THEIR GUARDIAN OF THE **DEAD**, AND THE RECORDS REFER CONSTANTLY TO HIS FLUTE! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT WE'VE STUMBLED UPON? IT'S THE **GREATEST FIND OF THE CENTURY!**

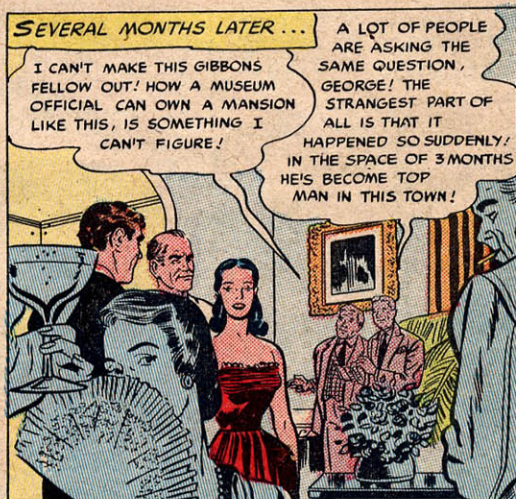
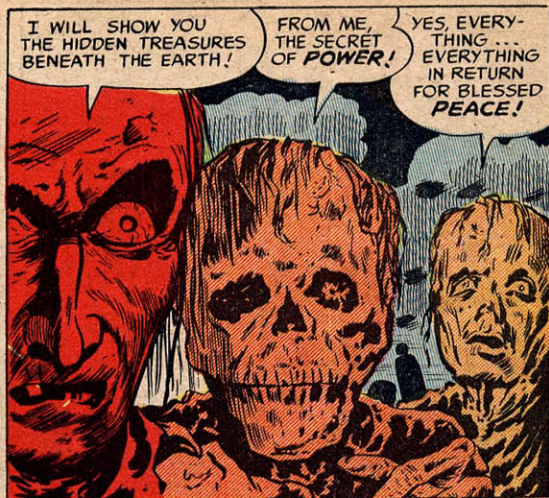
YES... IT WOULD BE WORTH A **FORTUNE!**



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SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...



I CAN'T FIGURE YOU OUT, MARCIA! DURING THESE PAST FEW WEEKS, I'VE PAID YOU MORE ATTENTION THAN ANY WOMAN I'VE EVER KNOWN! I'VE SHOWERED YOU WITH GIFTS! CAN'T YOU SEE HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU? I LOVE YOU, MARCIA... I WANT TO MARRY YOU!

I'LL NEVER MARRY YOU AS THINGS STAND!



YOUR GIFTS NEVER MEANT ANYTHING TO ME, NOR YOUR WEALTH! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A MAN OF POWER, BUT YOU'RE A BUNDLE OF LIVING FEAR! I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES, EVERY MOVE YOU MAKE! WHAT ARE YOU HIDING?

NOTHING! I HAVE POWER! I FEAR NO ONE!



MARCIA! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

AS FAR AWAY FROM A COWARD AS I CAN GET!



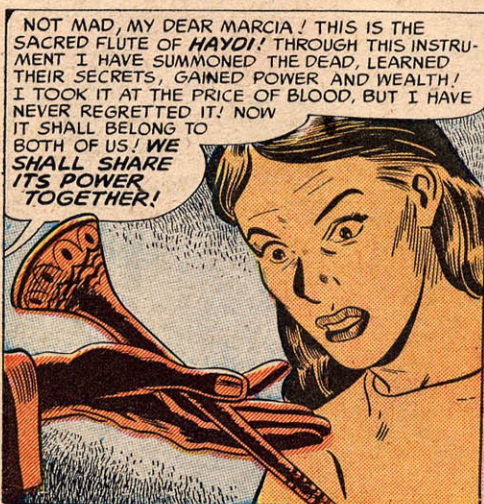
BUT SHORTLY AFTER MARCIA RETURNS TO HER HOTEL...

IT'S ME, MARCIA! I MUST SEE YOU!



I'LL PROVE TO YOU THAT I HAVE POWER... MORE POWER THAN ANYONE! IT'S HERE! HERE IN THIS FLUTE!

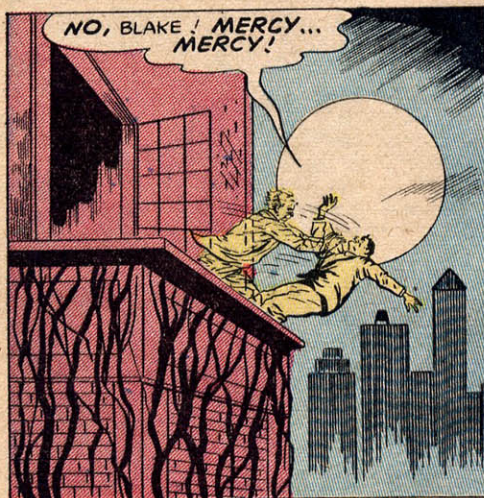
IN THAT? YOU MUST BE MAD!



NOT MAD, MY DEAR MARCIA! THIS IS THE SACRED FLUTE OF HAYDI! THROUGH THIS INSTRUMENT I HAVE SUMMONED THE DEAD, LEARNED THEIR SECRETS, GAINED POWER AND WEALTH! I TOOK IT AT THE PRICE OF BLOOD, BUT I HAVE NEVER REGRETTED IT! NOW IT SHALL BELONG TO BOTH OF US! WE SHALL SHARE ITS POWER TOGETHER!



NO USE TRYING IT--IT WON'T WORK HERE! IT MUST BE PLAYED OVER THE EARTHLY REMAINS OF SOME DEAD PERSON!

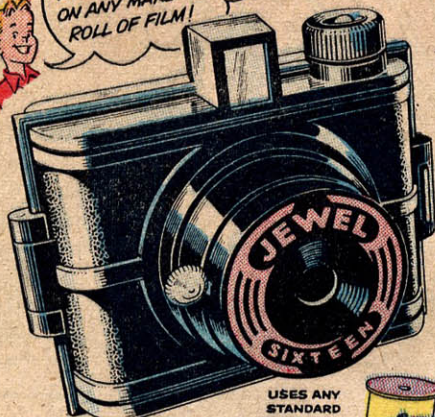


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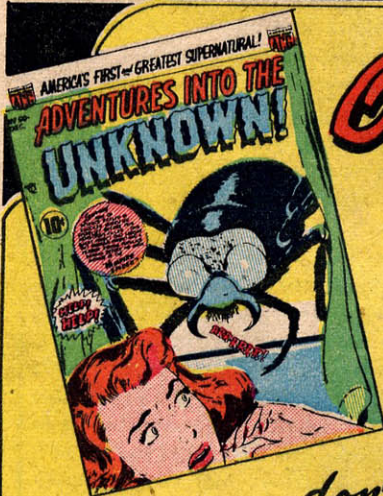
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**ADVENTURES INTO THE
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AT YOUR
Favorite
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HOTEL HORROR

AFTER THREE WEEKS on a special assignment, Detective Joe Hollis had discovered nothing. It was true that everything about the gloomy old place was odd, even creepy, but he couldn't put his finger on anything specific.

Almost twenty people had disappeared during the past year whose last address had been this little hotel in the heart of midtown Manhattan. He had been ordered to take up residence there incognito, and to get to the bottom of the strange mystery.

Almost immediately he noticed that an extraordinary number of orientals checked in and out. The hotel owners themselves were from India, quite peculiar people, not given to friendly conversation.

But the person who interested him most was the girl in the room next to his, a bewitchingly beautiful young oriental with dark, mysterious eyes and a strangely remote manner.

Many times he had tried to strike up an acquaintance with her, but each time she had firmly put him in his place. What astonished him most was that the girl was often in her room for days on end without ever leaving, and as far as he could tell no food of any kind was sent up to her.

Her few visitors were usually Indians like herself, but occasionally there were other guests. Not long before a queer thought had struck him. Offhand, it seemed that more people entered her room than left it! He couldn't be sure; perhaps there was another exit to the room. But he was determined to find out. Somehow he felt that she was in some way connected with the ghastly mystery, incredible as that seemed.

He waited patiently for the right time. Then, watching her leave the hotel in the early evening, and since nobody was about in the corridors, he let himself into her room with a passkey.

It was an amazing room, entirely bare except for a thick layer of sand strewn across the floor and a large potted tree in the center, whose thick branches were flattened against the ceiling. That was all, except for a complete female wardrobe in the closet.

He scratched his head in astonishment as an incredible idea came to him. "That tree," he thought. "What's it for? And the sand on the floor...you'd almost think a snake was living in this room!"

At that moment his head shot round, for the doorhandle had turned! Instantly his hand darted to his gun holster. The beautiful girl was already inside, her delicate lips curled in an expression of rage.

"Leave this room!" she hissed. "At once!"

"Not until I find out what's going on, sister," he snapped back. "What's all this about? How come there's no regular furniture in here, no bed, no..."

The words died in his throat as a shock of terror swept over him. For as he stood petrified, the girl was *changing*...into a full-sized cobra!

He never had a chance to fire his gun, for the serpent struck with lightning speed, its leathery coils chocking off his breath, making the room spin before his eyes.

"Couldn't you guess?" a weird female voice hissed into his ear. "I sleep in that tree...when I am like *this*! Many of us in this hotel belong to an ancient Indian cult, which you westerners call mere superstition! Thus, you make our work easy!"

The young detective's knees gave way, and everything grew swiftly darker. He could barely hear her now as the voice became little more than a serpent's hiss.

"How could the police suspect the truth of what goes on in this hotel," he heard as from far away, "when our victims never leave behind remains?"

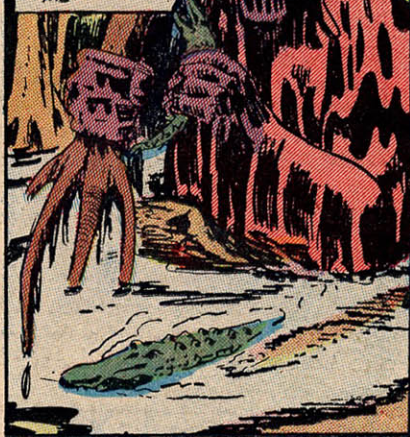
IT'S TRUE THAT THE STRANGE CREATURES OF THE DREAD UNKNOWN FILL HUMANS WITH HORROR AND LOATHING! BUT DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK WHAT MIGHT GO ON IN THE MIND OF THE SUPERNATURAL BEING ITSELF WHEN IT SEES HOW YOU REACT TO IT? HERE'S THE TENSE STORY OF A WEIRD BEING FROM THE WORLD OF SHADOWS...A **THING**...AND THE EERIE MESSAGE WHICH IT SCRAWLED FOR ALL HUMANKIND TO SEE ON A ROAD IN THE HEART OF THE BIG CYPRESS SWAMP OF FLORIDA'S EVERGLADES!



I KNOW NOT HOW LONG I SLEPT IN THE PRIMEVAL MUD AND OOZE OF THE SWAMP FROM WHENCE I CAME! I KNOW ONLY THAT I SUDDENLY AWOKE...THAT, WHATEVER I WAS, I LIVED!



I KNEW NOT MY OWN CAPACITIES AT FIRST, AND SO I TESTED MY STRENGTH ON THE OBJECTS I FOUND AROUND ME...



ART GATES

BUT SUCH PASTIMES SOON CEASED TO AMUSE ME, AND I SET FORTH TO EXPLORE THE WORLD IN WHICH I FOUND MYSELF! IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE I CHANCED ON A CURIOUS WHITE RIBBON WINDING THROUGH THE SWAMP, AND AN EVEN STRANGER OBJECT SPEEDING ALONG THAT RIBBON---



GOOD HEAVEN'S... WHAT'S THAT?

IT... IT'S LIKE A THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD!

CURIOUS AT THE HIGH, SQUEAKING NOISES COMING FROM THE OBJECT, I PICKED IT UP--- ONLY TO SEE TWO FIGURES SPILL OUT!



HELP!

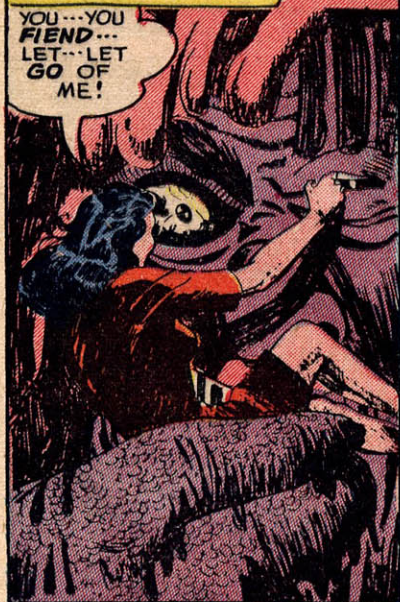
I CAUGHT THE LIGHTER OF THE TWO BEFORE IT FELL! I HELD IT GENTLY SO AS NOT TO HARM IT---



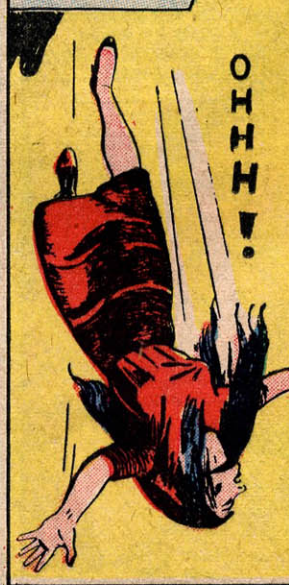
OHHH!

I PEEPED AT IT CLOSELY--- AND SUDDENLY FOUND THAT I COULD READ ITS MIND, UNDERSTAND ITS LANGUAGE! THAT IS HOW I AM NOW ABLE TO WRITE THIS MESSAGE TO YOU HUMANS IN YOUR OWN LANGUAGE ON THE HARD RIBBON WHICH YOU CALL A ROAD---

YOU---YOU FIEND... LET---LET GO OF ME!

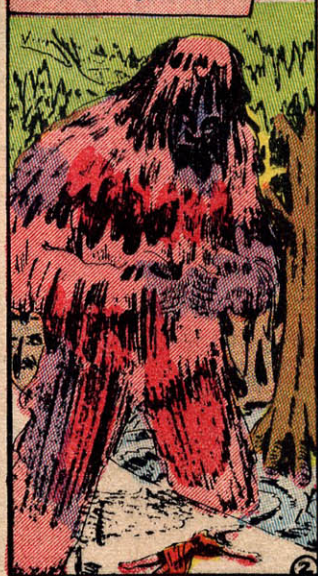


I WAS DAZED WHEN I COMPREHENDED THE UTTER LOATHING AND HORROR OF ME THAT WAS IN HER MIND! I DROPPED HER THE WAY YOU HUMANS WOULD DROP SOMETHING THAT CAUSED YOU HURT AND PAIN---



OHHH!

BEFORE I HAD READ THE MIND OF THIS HUMAN, I HAD NOT THOUGHT OF HOW I LOOKED--- BUT NOW I SAW MYSELF THROUGH HER EYES! THE KNOWLEDGE THAT I WAS HORRIBLE CUT THROUGH ME LIKE A SEARING AGONY, MADE ME FEEL LIKE SOME GIANT OUTCAST---



BUT THEN I THOUGHT THAT IF I COULD GO TO THE HUMANS, TELL THEM I CAME IN PEACE AND DESIRED TO LIVE WITH THEM IN FRIENDSHIP, THEY WOULD ACCEPT ME AS I WAS... SO I STRODE DOWN THE ROAD, LOOKING FOR A CITY OF HUMANS... BUT WHEREVER I WENT, I AROUSED ONLY FEAR AND HORROR!



LOOK OUT!

FINALLY I CAME UPON A TOWN, AND TRIED TO TELL THE HUMANS THAT I WAS A FRIEND... BUT THE ONLY SOUND THAT CAME OUT OF ME WAS A GREAT ROAR! IT WAS THEN THAT I KNEW I WAS INCAPABLE OF SPEECH!

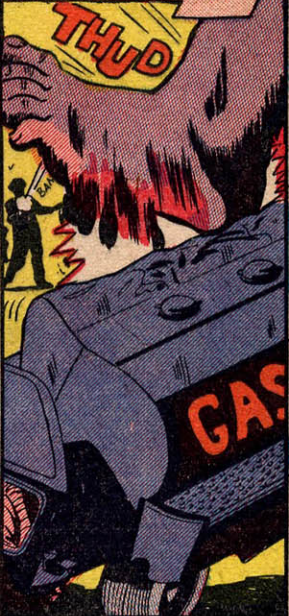
GAAARGHHH!

IT'S AN INVASION FROM MARS... RUN!



CALL OUT THE COPS... SHOOT THAT THING DOWN!

THEN OTHER HUMANS CAME, FIRING LITTLE PROJECTILES INTO MY BODY... AND I REELED BACK IN AWFUL PAIN, STUMBLING OVER SOMETHING BEHIND ME...



THUD

SUDDENLY, SHEER AGONY ATTACKED ME! NOT KNOWING THE NATURE OF FIRE, I LEANED DOWN TO TRY TO DRIVE THE FLAMES AWAY... BUT ONLY SUCCEEDED IN SPREADING THE SEARING PAIN TO MY HANDS!

AAAGHHHHH!

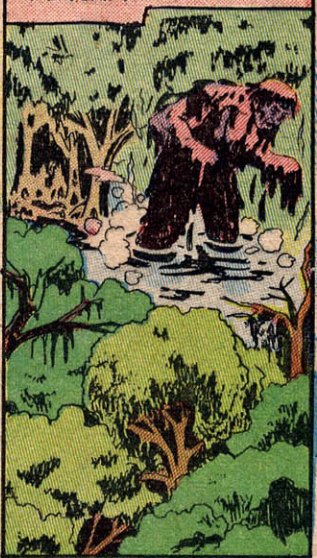


MADDENED WITH SUFFERING, I FLED BACK TO WHENCE I CAME!

IT'S HEADING BACK TO THE SWAMPS! CALL THE AIR FORCE... AND HAVE THEM SEND OUT FIGHTER PLANES TO DESTROY THAT THING!



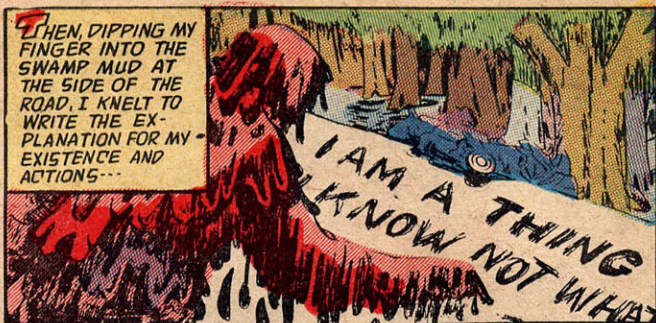
INSTINCTIVELY, I PLUNGED BACK INTO THE WATERS OF THE SWAMP FROM WHICH I HAD RISEN... AND SUDDENLY THE FLAMES WERE EXTINGUISHED! BUT NOW I KNEW BETTER THAN TO TRY TO COMMUNICATE WITH HUMANS VERBALLY... I WOULD HAVE TO WRITE THEM TO LET THEM KNOW I CAME IN FRIENDSHIP!



NOT WISHING TO BE DISTURBED BEFORE I HAD FINISHED MY MESSAGE, I PULLED UP GREAT TREES AND SLUNG THEM ACROSS THE ROAD TO PREVENT HUMANS FROM GETTING TO ME IN THEIR LITTLE VEHICLES...



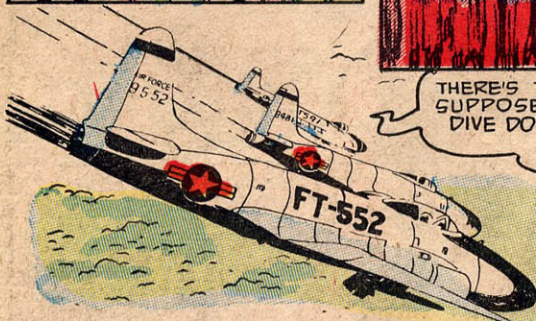
THEN, DIPPING MY FINGER INTO THE SWAMP MUD AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, I KNELT TO WRITE THE EXPLANATION FOR MY EXISTENCE AND ACTIONS...



AND NOW YOU KNOW I COME TO YOU IN FRIENDS HELP ME! LET US LIVE TOGETHER IN PEACE HUMANS



THERE'S THE THING WE WERE SUPPOSED TO DESTROY! LET'S DIVE DOWN... AND DISH IT OUT!



THE END

The **TERROR** of **TOTTEN VILLAGE**

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ONE THE NATION'S GREAT CITIES ROSE TOTTEN VILLAGE...ACRE UPON ACRE OF SPACIOUS BUILDINGS, GREEN LAWNS, PLAYGROUNDS! A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE, YOU'D SAY-- BUT WHO COULD FORESEE THE EVIL THAT CAME OUT OF THE PAST-- THAT BROUGHT AWFUL DEATH AND EMPTIED EVERY ROOM IN A PANIC OF NAMELESS FEAR!



OUR STORY STARTS ON THE DAY TOTTEN VILLAGE IS THROWN OPEN TO ITS FIRST TENANTS! AMONG THEM IS DAN DORIAN, YOUNG HISTORY TEACHER, AND HIS FAMILY...

AT LAST! NO MORE CROWDING IN A FEW DINGY ROOMS! GRACE, THIS IS GOING TO BE HEAVEN!

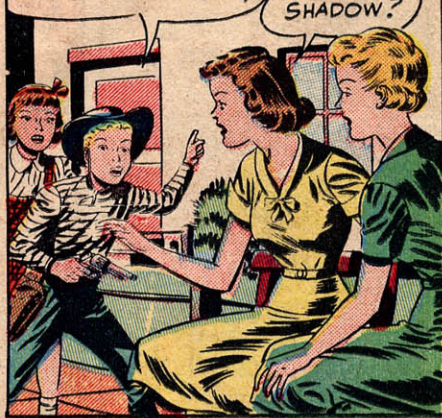
HI, NEIGHBOR! THAT'S THE WAY I FEEL, TOO!



BUT NO SOONER HAD THEY SETTLED DOWN, THAN...

MOMMY! MOMMY! W-WE JUST SAW A TERRIBLE MONSTER-- R-RIGHT IN THE HALL!

NOW, NOW! ARE YOU SURE IT WASN'T JUST A SHADOW?





THREE PEOPLE GONE TO THEIR DOOM IN ONE DAY! BUT THE ONLY WITNESSES ARE CHILDREN--AND WHO WILL BELIEVE A CHILD?

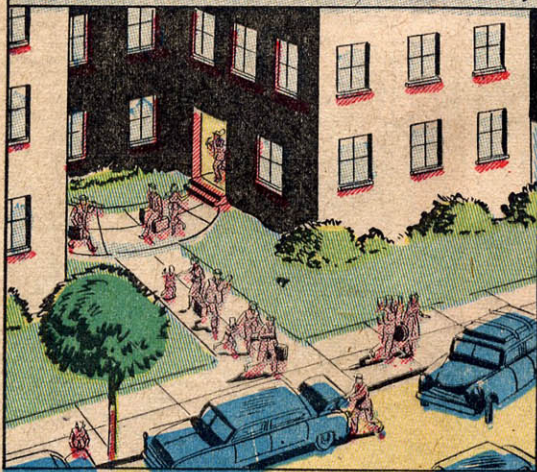
THE CHILDREN SAY IT'S A MONSTER-- BUT I SAY THERE'S A MURDERING MANIAC LOOSE IN THESE BUILDINGS! SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE!



TAKE IT EASY, FOLKS! I'M CLEARING MY MEN WILL SEARCH EVERY CORNER OF THIS PLACE! I'M NOT COMING BACK TILL THAT MANIAC IS CAUGHT! ME, TOO!



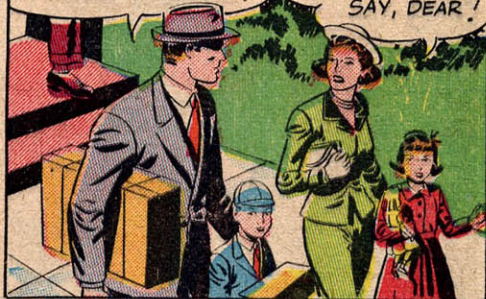
AND SO BEGINS THE STRANGE EXODUS THAT EMP-TIES EVERY ROOM OF THE HUGE DEVELOPMENT!



BUT DAN DORIAN WONDERS IF THE POLICE ARE ON THE RIGHT TRACK! HIS STUDY OF THE PAST HAS TAUGHT HIM THAT THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM...

I HAVE A THEORY ABOUT THE KILLINGS, GRACE--AND YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME CHECK IT! LET'S LEAVE THE CHILDREN AT YOUR MOTHER'S AND GO DOWN TO THE HISTORICAL LIBRARY!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, DEAR!



AND SO, SOON AFTER...

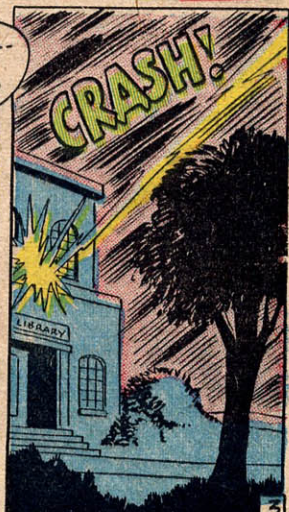
I THINK WE'LL FIND WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR IN ONE OF THESE!



RUMBLE
DAN! THAT TERRIBLE STORM-- AND A MINUTE AGO THERE WASN'T A CLOUD IN THE SKY!



CRASH!





GRACE! THIS WAY! THAT LIGHTNING--
STRANGE THE WAY IT TOUCHED OFF
THE PLACE!



I--I NEVER
SAW ANYTHING
BLAZE UP
LIKE THAT!

NOW I **KNOW** I'M RIGHT!
SOMETHING OR SOMEONE
IS TRYING TO PREVENT US
FROM LEARNING THE **TRUTH!**



LUCKILY, I WAS ABLE
TO SAVE THIS BOOK!
LET'S DUCK IN HERE
FOR A MINUTE!



YES! THIS **PROVES** MY THEORY!
IN 1694, A CERTAIN **DAME**
WHITNEY WAS EXECUTED
FOR BEING A WITCH. SHE
WAS BURIED WITH A STAKE
DRIVEN THROUGH HER HEART--
ON THE **VERY SPOT** WHERE
TOTTEN VILLAGE NOW
STANDS!



WHILE EXCAVATING FOR
THE FOUNDATIONS OF
THE NEW BUILDINGS,
THE STAKE MUST HAVE
BEEN TORN OUT OF
THE WITCH, THAT'S
WHAT HAPPENED--
SHE'S BEEN
TURNED LOOSE
AGAIN!

IT MUST
BE SO,
DAN! I
REMEMBER
HEARING
ABOUT
SEVERAL
STRANGE
ACCIDENTS
WHILE THE
BUILDINGS
WERE GOING
UP!

BUT WHEN DAN TAKES HIS STORY TO THE POLICE...



IT'S TRUE WE HAVEN'T FOUND THE CRIMINAL YET! BUT **WITCHCRAFT**--REALLY, MR. DORIAN, YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE **THAT** IN THIS DAY AND AGE!

HA, HA!



IT'S NO USE, DARLING! WE'LL
HAVE TO FIGHT THE WITCH
ON OUR **OWN!** I'LL NEED
A DAY TO GET READY, AND
THEN, IF YOU'LL HELP...

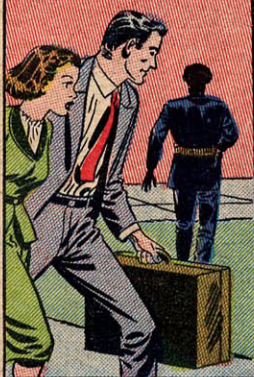
OF **COURSE**
I'LL HELP,
DAN! WE'VE
GOT TO
STOP THIS
EVIL THING,
BEFORE **MORE**
LIVES ARE LOST!

AND SO, THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, AT TOTTEN VILLAGE...

CAREFUL, GRACE! IF THE POLICE STOP US NOW, THE JIG IS UP!



COME ON! THIS IS OUR CHANCE!



UP THE SILENT, DESERTED STAIRWAY... TO THE ROOF...

YOU GET SET UP IN HERE, GRACE! I'M NOT AFRAID, DARLING! LET'S WISH OURSELVES LUCK! AND DON'T BE AFRAID--I'LL BE CLOSE BY!



A MOMENT LATER, ON THE ROOF OF A 20TH CENTURY BUILDING, DAN GOES THROUGH THE ANCIENT RITES TO SUMMON A WITCH!

"AD NOMENIS BEELZEBUB ET SATANUS! O, OMNIPOTEM!"



AND THEN--

YE DARE SUMMON ME, RASH MORTAL?



I DARE--FOR MY POWER OF WIZARDRY IS GREATER THAN YOURS, FOR ALL YOUR SLAYING!

BE YE WARLOCK OR WIZARD--BEWARE!



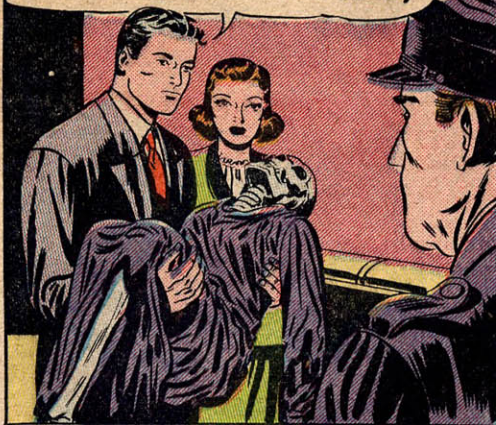
WE SHALL SOON SEE IF YE INDEED BE VERSED IN THE MYSTERIES!

WAIT! FROM THE FLAMING DEPTHS, I INVOKE THE DREAD ONE!

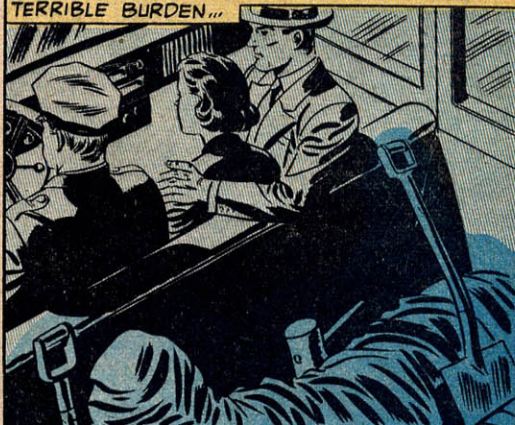




WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE--WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS AWAY FROM HERE!



FAR, FAR INTO THE NIGHT, DAN AND THE POLICE CHIEF SPEED AWAY WITH THEIR STRANGE TERRIBLE BURDEN...

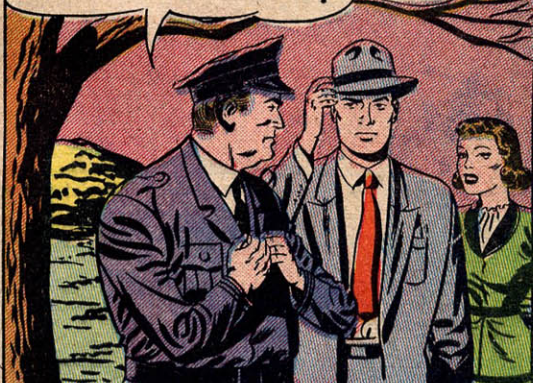


UNTIL, MILES FROM THE CITY...

DIEPER, DAN... DEEPER! SHE MUST NEVER COME BACK!



REMEMBER--NOT A WORD OF THIS MUST GET OUT! WHO WOULD BELIEVE IT? I HATE TO DO IT, BUT I'LL COOK UP A STORY FOR THE PAPERS!



THE NEXT DAY, THE CITY BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF AS IT READ...



... AND ONCE AGAIN TOTTEN VILLAGE BECAME A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE!



BUT YOU AND I KNOW THE TRUTH, READER! SO, IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO LIVE, LOOK WELL INTO THE RECORD OF THE PAST--LEST YOU SET EVIL LOOSE UPON THE WORLD AGAIN!



FOR SALE FINE SITE FOR HOUSES OR APARTMENT BUILDINGS--WILL BUILD TO SUIT

The End 7

IT'S STOPPED SNOWING AT LAST!

LET'S GO ICE SKATING ON THE POND - WAIT FOR ME!

OH GOSH! THE POND'S COVERED WITH SNOW - WE CAN'T SKATE AFTER ALL!

THIS CALLS FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE ACTION!

Swoosh!

BANG!

WOW! HE BLASTED TH' SNOW AWAY!!

WE COULDN'T HAVE SKATED WITHOUT YOU, PUD!

FLEER DUBBLE BUBBLE WORKS EVERY TIME!

WATCH THIS FIGURE EIGHT!

DUBBLE BUBBLE GIVES THE MOST FUN FOR A PENNY!

YOU CAN'T BEAT ITS BUBBLES!

I LIKE ITS SECRET FLAVOR!

DON'T FORGET THE FUNNIES, FACTS AN' FORTUNES TOO!

HAVE FUN WITH GUM

FLEER DUBBLE BUBBLE

F. H. FLEER CORP., PHILA. 4, PA.

For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



They're the terrific ten...
THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM AL...
REGULARLY.

Read **AMERICAN!**

CONDEMNED TO WANDER ETERNALLY THROUGH THE TRACKLESS WASTES OF THE DESERT, TO KNOW ONLY BURNING SUNS, ETERNAL THIRST AND MADDENING MIRAGES -- THIS WAS THE GRIM FATE OF--

The CURSED CARAVAN!



ARABIA--THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO --

THE SCOUT RIDES FAST, GREAT ONE!

WHICH MEANS HE HAS SIGHTED A CARAVAN! HAVE EVERYTHING IN READINESS!



MOMENTS LATER --

--MANY CAMELS LADEN WITH WARES, MIGHTY BIRSEM-- SCANT MILES AWAY!

PREPARE TO MOUNT! WE RIDE AT LAST!



THEIR GUARDS ARE FEW! REMEMBER-- PUT EVERYONE TO THE KNIFE! SPARE ONLY THOSE WE CAN SELL AS SLAVES!



BOB
FORNONE





YOU CHOOSE NOT TO DEFEND YOURSELVES, OLD MAN? THEN YOU SHALL DIE THE SOONER!

WOULD YOU THUS PROVOKE THE GODS? RASH ONE-- YOU WOULD NOT DARE HARM A SINGLE ONE OF US!



NO? HA-HA! KILL THEM-- ALL!

OH-HHH!



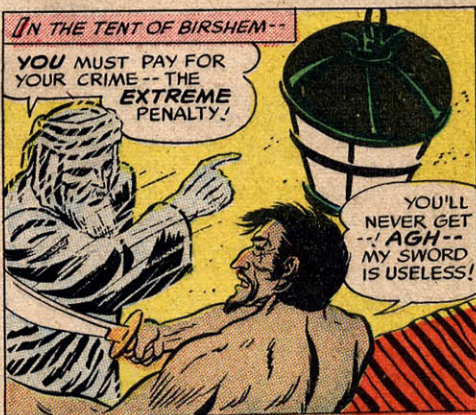
THAT NIGHT, IN THE SLEEPING CAMP OF BIRSEM, A GRIM GROUP OF SPECTERS APPEARED-- THEIR EYES GLOWING WITH THE BLANK STARE OF DEATH--

AVENGE YOURSELVES, POOR VICTIMS-- LET THEM KNOW YOUR COLD AND GRISLY TOUCH! BUT LEAVE THE LEADER FOR ME!



NO--NO--ARRRGH!

YOU-- MUST-- DIE!



IN THE TENT OF BIRSEM--

YOU MUST PAY FOR YOUR CRIME-- THE EXTREME PENALTY!

YOU'LL NEVER GET-- AGH-- MY SWORD IS USELESS!



THIS, BIRSEM-- IS BUT THE BEGINNING!

AI-EE!



THE EXECUTION WAS INSTANTANEOUS! THEN, AS BIRSEM'S SPIRIT ROSE TO THE OLD MAN'S COMMANDS--

REST SHALL NEVER BE YOURS, MONSTER! I CONDEMN YOU TO ETERNAL WANDERING IN THE DESERT-- WITH ALL YOUR MEN AND BEASTS! FOREVER SHALL YOU KNOW THE BITING SANDS ON YOUR TONGUE-- AND THE NIGHT FROSTS AFTER THE BURNING DAYS! GO-- FOR THERE IS NO APPEAL!



THUS IT WAS-- 300 YEARS AGO! AND EVEN TODAY, THOSE WHOSE PATHS RANGE OFF BEATEN DESERT ROUTES HAVE SEEN--

COMMANDANT-- LOOK! THAT CARAVAN!

DO NOT ADVANCE, FOOL-- THEY ARE ALL DEAD! COME, LET US HASTEN FROM THIS CURSED SPOT!

THE END

OUT of the NIGHT.. TO YOU!

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT the dying year that puts us in just the proper mood for our favorite reading. Call us peculiar, but we like nothing better than to draw up before a glowing fire with a chilling yarn. Generally, we'll listen for the wail of the forlorn wind outside, sighing like the moan of the dead through the bare branches which lash against our shutters. And if we've got a mind to look out the window, we're glad to see black, ominous* clouds scudding swiftly before the pale and wintry moon. Then, making sure that the door is bolted securely, we'll settle down in a deep chair, and read long past the time the grandfather clock has tolled midnight through the empty house.

If you've got the same turn of mind, no doubt you've found "Out Of The Night" exactly to your taste. Our writers and artists are dedicated to their work, and nothing pleases them more than a tale that makes them tremble. Of course, we've never gone in for pointless and senseless terror. That gets boring anyhow. No, the tale's the thing, and we've got a series of humdingers in store for you.

Does the title "Music For The Dead" intrigue you? It should. And if while you're reading it you hear the plaintive notes of a far-off flute, there's just one thing to do...run! "I Am A Thing" is one of the most unusual stories we've ever published, with chills and thrills galore. You'll meet a fearful menace from the beyond in "The Terror of Totten Village", a story calculated to hold you eerily spell-bound. "The Cursed Caravan" packs a fearful wallop, wherein you'll learn the awful meaning of supernatural vengeance. "Out Of The Past" involves a power-mad scientist, whose evil brain created a thing no man could control.

We think you'll like these stories, but there's only one way we can know for sure: by your writing us. Remember, your letters go far in shaping the policy of this magazine. Do you have a favorite type of yarn you haven't been getting lately? By all means let us know! Just write to The Editor, "Out Of The Night", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. We'll publish your comments as soon as possible. And now, let's pull a few letters out of the mail pouch:

"Dear Editor:

All the stories in 'Out Of The Night' are exceptionally weird and interesting. I like best those which deal with visits to other worlds, full of adventure and eerie escapes from supernatural monsters!

--Richard Vottech, Chicago, Ill."

"Dear Editor:-

I have just finished reading your comic book 'Out Of The Night'. All I can say is that it is so interesting I'll be sure to read every one from now on.* Please keep up the good work.

--E. M. Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada"

"Dear Editor:-

I'm only ten years old, but I want you to know that I enjoy reading 'Out Of The Night' very much.

--Susan Cummings, Loves Park, Ill."

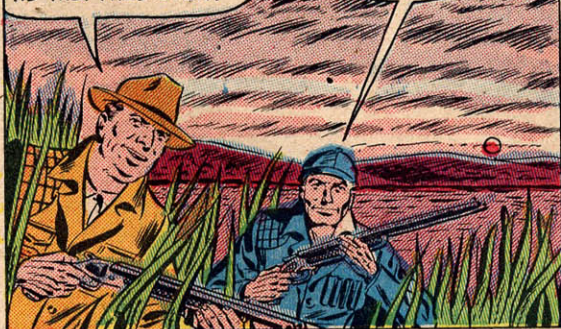
THERE COULD BE NO EXPLANATION...EXCEPT THAT NATURE ITSELF HAD RUN AMUCK! HOW ELSE TO EXPLAIN THE GHASTLY THREAT TO MANKIND, WHICH CAME FROM---



AS DAWN CAME TO A MAINE MARSHLAND, TWO HUNTERS CROUCHED IN WAIT AS THE FLAP OF WINGS STIRRED THE MORNING AIR---

SOUNDS LIKE A COVEY HEADED THIS WAY! YOU FIRST, PETE! GIVE 'EM BOTH BARRELS AS THEY PASS OVER!

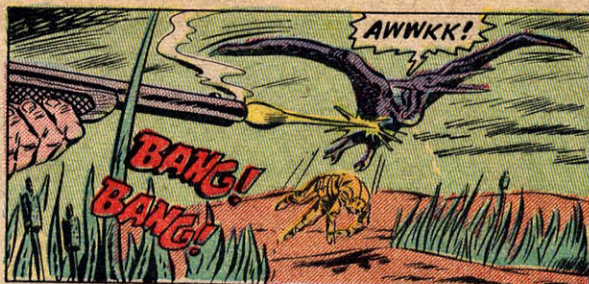
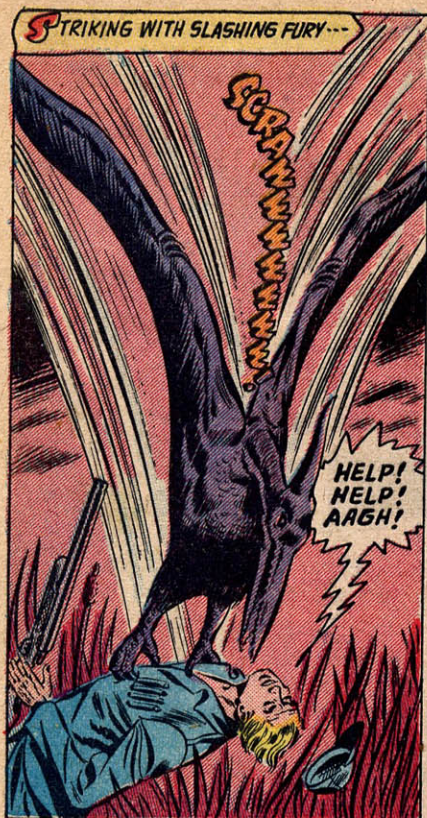
RIGHT!



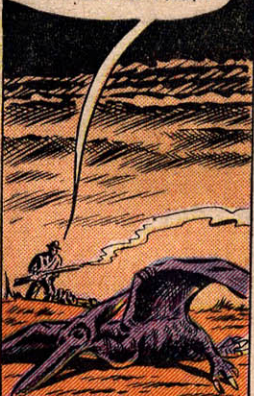
BUT AS PETE BROKE FROM COVER AND TOOK AIM---

H-HOLY SMOKE! WHAT IS IT?





IT--GOT PETE! THE BLASTED, DEVILISH THING KILLED HIM! BUT W---WHAT COULD IT **BE?** WHERE DID IT **COME FROM?**



LATER, IN THE NEW YORK OFFICES OF THE DAILY GLOBE...

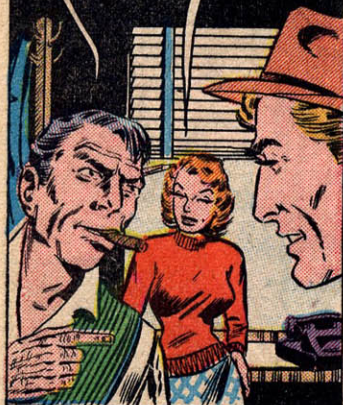
COME OFF IT, MAC! AN OLD TIME CITY EDITOR LIKE YOU FALLING FOR A YARN ABOUT A **PRE-HISTORIC MONSTER!** SOON THEY'LL BE SAYING IT FELL FROM A **FLYING SAUCER!**

IS THAT SO, SONNY BOY? THEN **GET THIS!**



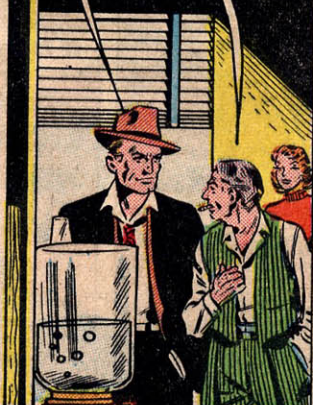
ACCORDING TO THE WIRE DISPATCH, AN EMINENT SCIENTIST HAS JUST **EXAMINED THE DEAD BIRD!** IT'S A **PTERODACTYL**...OR IN BASIC ENGLISH, A **FLYING REPTILE!**

BUT---THEY LIVED **MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO!**



GAIL'S RIGHT! THOSE THINGS HAVE BEEN **EXTINCT FOR AGES!** EXPLAIN **THAT!**

THAT'S **YOUR** JOB, M'BOY! GRAB YOUR TOOTHBRUSH AND TAKE THE NEXT PLANE FOR MAINE! AND BRING ME BACK A **STORY!**

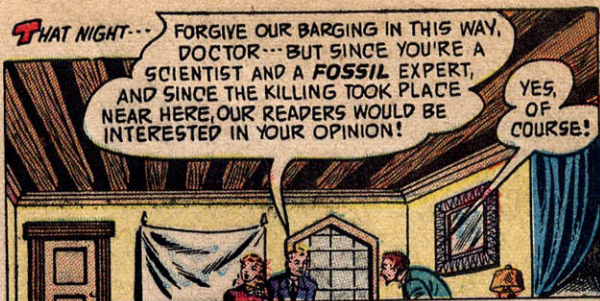
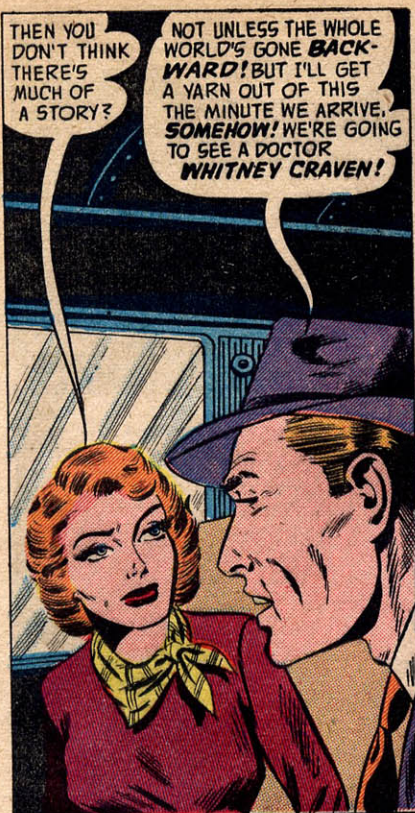


TWO HOURS LATER...

STILL ANGRY BECAUSE I TAILED ALONG, CLIFF?

OF COURSE NOT! I'D BE BORED SILLY UP THERE WITHOUT YOU!

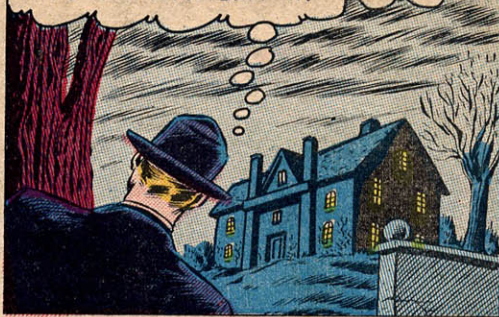




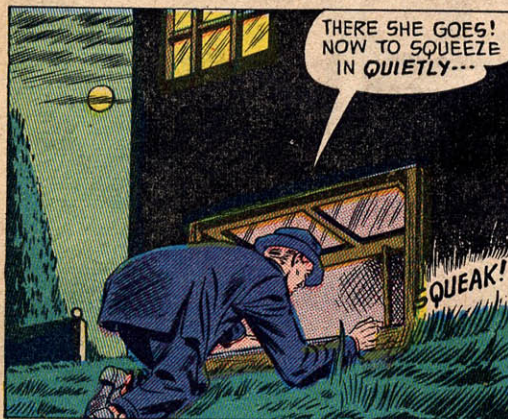
I'LL FEEL A LOT BETTER KNOWING SHE'S SAFE IN BED---BECAUSE SOMETHING'S GOING ON AT CRAVEN'S PLACE THAT'S *FISHY*! AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT *WHAT*!



NO POINT IN ASKING MORE QUESTIONS! I'LL JUST LOOK AROUND FOR A CONVENIENT BASEMENT WINDOW AND LET *MYSELF* IN!



THERE SHE GOES! NOW TO SQUEEZE IN QUIETLY---



INSIDE THE DARK BASEMENT---

SO FAR SO GOOD! NOW FOR A LITTLE EXPLORING!



CAUTIOUSLY, CLIFF TIPTOED DOWN A TOMB-LIKE CORRIDOR---EACH STEP BRINGING HIM CLOSER AND CLOSER TO A SHADOWY DOORWAY!



BUT AS HE CROSSED THE THRESHOLD---

GROWWR!



THEN---

**NO!
N--NO!**



---A SIGHT OF UNBELIEVABLE HORROR!

AND I HAVE BROUGHT IT BACK! A REMARKABLE FEAT, DON'T YOU THINK?

BUT IT... **CAN'T** BE! IT'S SOME KIND OF **HOAX**!

GROWRRRR!

IT'S...**IMPOSSIBLE!** A **PREHISTORIC MAN!** A THING FROM...**OUT OF THE PAST!**

FOOL, LOOK AT THAT BRUTE! THE SLANTED BROW, THE PIG-GISH EYES... THE TRUE CHARACTERISTICS OF PREHISTORIC MEN ARE ALL THERE! BUT HE DIDN'T COME FROM THE PAST! NO, HE IS MY CREATION!

THEY GNEERED AT MY THEORIES... THE FOOLS! IT WAS MERELY A MATTER OF **REVERSING THE EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS**, AND MY SERUM SUCCEEDED BEYOND MY WILDEST HOPES!

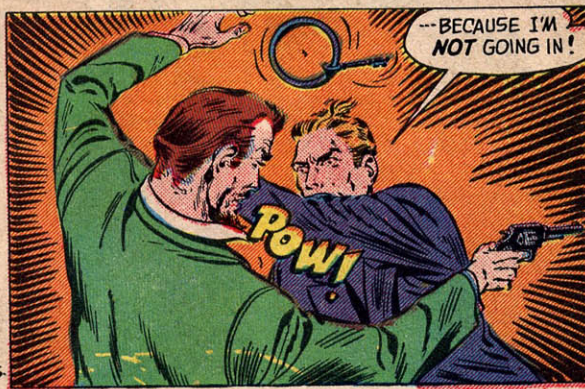
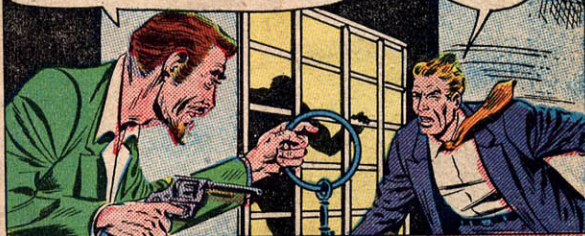
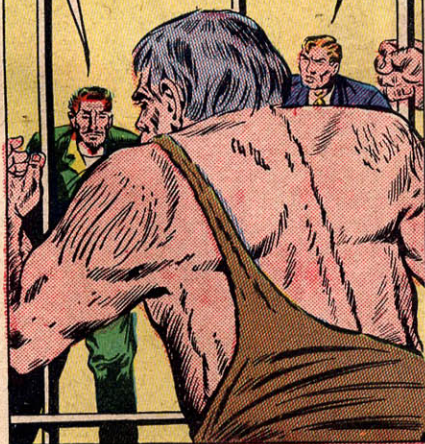
Y---YOU MEAN... THAT CREATURE WAS ONCE A MAN LIKE **US?**

EXACTLY! YOU WOULDN'T THINK IT TO LOOK AT HIM NOW, BUT HE IS MARK JENNINGS, MY FORMER ASSISTANT! WHEN I SUCCEEDED WITH THE PTERODACTYL, THE **NEXT** STEP HAD TO BE **MAN!** MARK WAS **HANDY!**

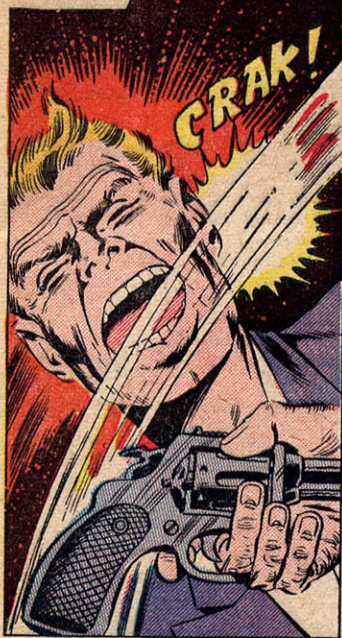
YOU'RE **MAD, CRAVEN**... AND **ROTTEN TO THE CORE!**

FOOLHARDY WORDS! HMM, I WONDER HOW LONG YOU'D LAST IF I PUT YOU IN WITH **HIM?** TEN SECONDS... FIFTEEN... TWENTY?

YOU'RE WAY OFF, **CRAVEN**...



BUT AS DR. CRAVEN RECOVERS HIS
BALANCE...



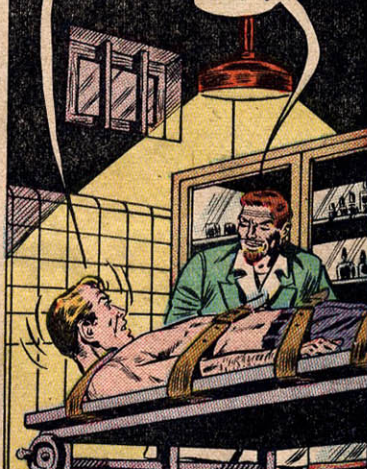
I'LL TEACH THIS IMBECILE TO
OPPOSE ME! WHY THROW HIM
IN WITH JENNINGS, WHEN HE
CAN SERVE A **GREATER**
PURPOSE?



WHEN CLIFF REVIVES...

WHAT'S THE
IDEA, CRAVEN?
W-WHAT ARE
YOU UP TO?

IN EXPERIMENTING
WITH MY ASSISTANT,
A FEW **ERRORS**
TOOK PLACE! **YOU**
GIVE ME THE OPPOR-
TUNITY TO
CORRECT
THEM!



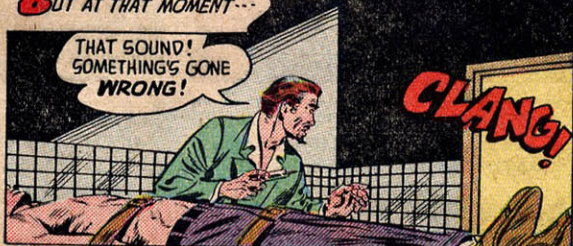
YOU'LL NEVER
GET AWAY WITH
IT! STOP...
WHILE THERE'S
STILL A CHANCE!

THE WORK
MUST GO
ON!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

THAT SOUND!
SOMETHING'S GONE
WRONG!

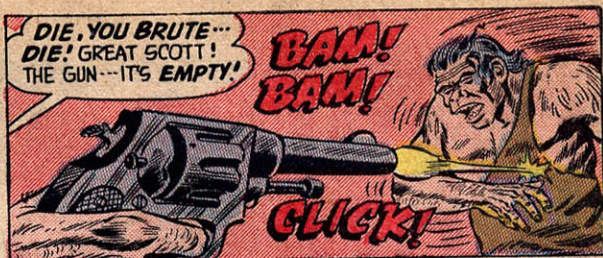


THE DOOR! JENNINGS!
DOOR! BUT HE COULDN'T!
HE **MUSTN'T!**

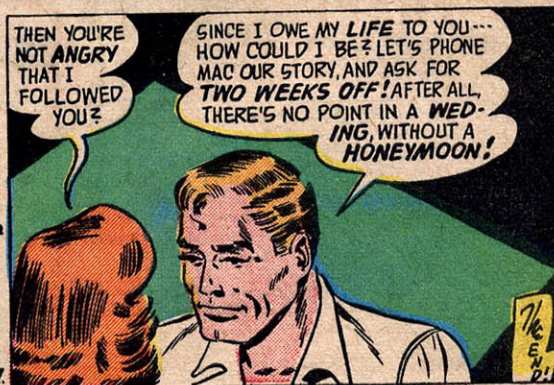
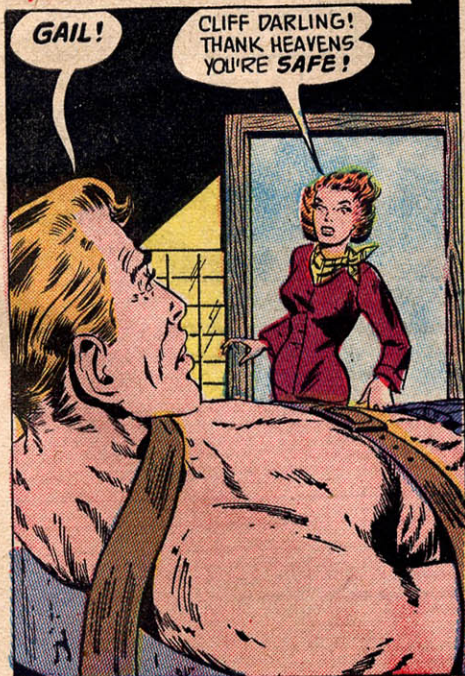


Y-YOU! YOU
...GOT OUT!
S-STAY AWAY...
**KEEP
BACK!**





AT THE SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS---



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Amazing New Invention—
Instantly!



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Yes, anyone from 5 to 80 can draw or sketch or paint anything now... the very first time you use the "Magic Art Reproducer" like a professional artist—no matter how "hopeless" you think you are! An unlimited variety and amount of drawings can be made. Art is admired and respected by everyone. Most hobbies are expensive, but drawing costs very little, just some inexpensive paper, pencils, crayons, or paint. No costly upkeep, nothing to wear out, no parts to replace. It automatically reproduces anything you want to draw on any sheet of paper. Then easily and quickly follow the lines of the "picture image" with your pencil... and you have an accurate original drawing that anyone would think an artist had done. No guesswork, no judging sizes and shapes! Reproduces black and white and actual colors for paintings.

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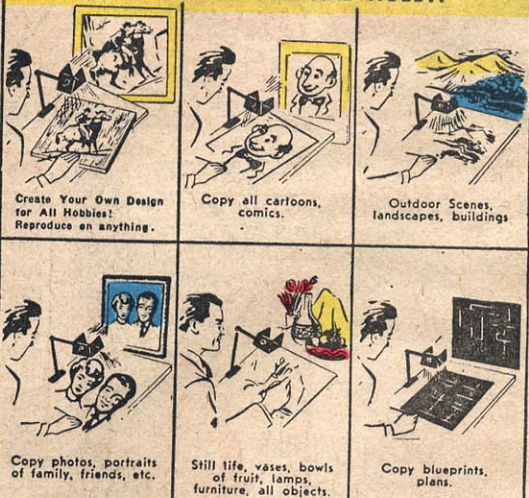
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OUT OF THE NIGHT

"Hey YOU SKINNY You look like SOMETHING THE CAT DRAGGED IN!"

the boys yelled as I dragged myself into the gym, says Jowett Pupil, Gleason R. Cleveland. Then I gained 70 lbs.

and made the football team.

CLEVELAND
BEFORE
90 lb.
Skeleton

GLEASON
CLEVELAND
AFTER JOWETT
TRAINING
160 lbs. of
Muscle



Now wouldn't YOU
Like To Have A New
Body Like Mine? I added

7 INCHES to my CHEST
3 1/2 INCHES to each ARM

and to the rest of my
body in proportion as
YOU can

Yours *John Sill* UTAH

Let's go, young fellow,
Now YOU give me
**10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME**

LIKE SLIM JOHN SILL DID
and I'll give YOU a New
HE-MAN BODY as I gave
MANY Thousands like You

NO! I don't care how skinny or
flabby you are. I'll make you
OVER by the SAME method. I turned
myself from a wreck to the strongest
of the strong. Why can't I do for you
what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of
skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES

Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see, INCHES of MIGHTY
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and
CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS
broadened. From head to heels, you'll
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be
A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

ONLY MY
5-WAY PROGRESSIVE
POWER SYSTEM
BUILDS YOU
5-WAYS FAST
SO YOU
SAVE YEARS
AND
DOLLARS

GEORGE
F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest



like John
BECOME A
MOVIE STAR
HE-MAN

Come on, PAL, NOW YOU ^{do} as I did
in 10 EASY MINUTES of FUN a day
Get a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME!

I GAINED 60 LBS.

of SHAPELY
MIGHTY **MUSCLES**

Mail the "ALL-FREE" coupon

get this "AMAZING
"SECRETS" Photo Book
while you can.

FREE!

AMAZING SECRETS
How to WIN
MUSCLES like IRON
NERVES of STEEL
World's Great
EXPERT Tells
You How YOU
Can BECOME
An All-Around
ALL-AMERICAN
HE-MAN in
10 MINUTES of
FUN A DAY
IN YOUR HOME.
PHOTO BOOK

FREE
while
they
last

This Book
will also show You
HOW YOU CAN WIN
\$100.00 and A BIG 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)
as I have just done.

You'll LOOK like A Real HE-MAN!
WIN WOMEN and MEN FRIENDS

You'll FEEL like A Real HE-MAN!
Full of New Strength and Self-Confidence

You'll ACT like A Real HE-MAN!
Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popular-
ity. Make More Money.

John Sill
was a 125 lb.
Skinny
Weakling

Before \$1 price goes back
YOUR LAST CHANCE
TO GET
ALL 5 FREE!

PICTURE PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD
FOR \$1 AND MORE
Just send me a dime
for postage and handling



LAST CHANCE — ALL FREE COUPON!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER 3. FIVE COURSES

Dept. AM-311

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

"Jowett Courses
greatest in
World for
Building
All-Around
HE-MEN"
— R. F. Kelley
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear, George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

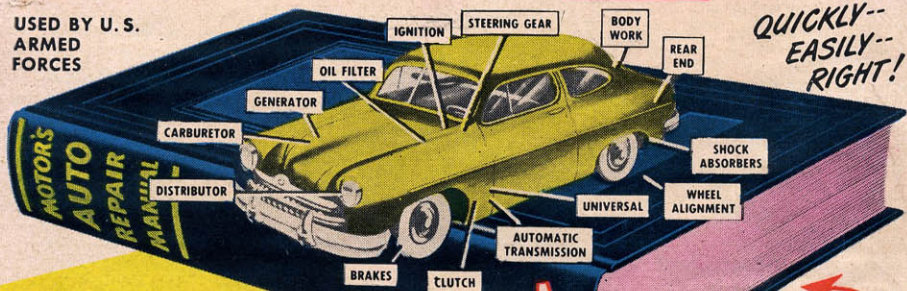
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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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